

MARVEL

64

LGY#865

**KING'S
RANSOM**

**SPENCER
VICENTINI
SINCLAIR**

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



PETER PARKER was bitten by a radioactive spider and gained the proportional speed, strength, and agility of a SPIDER, adhesive fingertips and toes, and the unique precognitive awareness of danger called "SPIDER-SENSE"! After the tragic death of his Uncle Ben, Peter understood that with great power there must also come great responsibility. He became the crimefighting super hero called...

The Amazing SPIDER-MAN

KING'S RANSOM *Part Two*

Peter is rocking a new high-tech suit courtesy of *Threats & Menaces*. The suit allows *TNM* subscribers to watch the world through Spidey's eyes, sending subscriptions through the roof. Spidey has been dealing with a spike in super-villain activity thanks to NYC mayor Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin, who's seeking the pieces of the powerful Lifeline Tablet. Peter and his roommate, "reformed villain" Fred Myers, A.K.A. Boomerang, have been trying to keep the pieces out of Kingpin's hands. So Kingpin assembled a cabal of villains to distract Spidey and Boomerang while he schemes behind the scenes with Baron Mordo!

Meanwhile, Peter's other roommate, Randy Robertson, rekindled his relationship with criminal Janice Lincoln, A.K.A. the Beetle-- which outraged their fathers, archenemies Robbie Robertson and Lonnie Lincoln, A.K.A. Tombstone. Madame Masque and the Crime Master ambushed Randy and Janice at Peter's apartment and were holding them hostage when Peter and Fred returned. A fight ensued, and the apartment was blown open!

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SPIDER-MAN **created by** STAN LEE *and* STEVE DITKO



SPEAK.

I KNOW I'VE
BEEN QUIET
LATELY.

I SUPPOSE
I JUST HAVEN'T
FOUND THE
RIGHT WORDS.



SPEEEAAAK....

AND I UNDERSTAND...
YOU DON'T LIKE HOW
I LEFT THINGS.



BUT THAT'S NO
REASON TO BE ANGRY.
THEN AGAIN--



--I SUPPOSE
I'M NOT ONE
TO TALK.



SPEAK!



FISK, WHAT
THE DEVIL
ARE YOU
DOING?!

GETTING
RESULTS,
DIRECTOR
OSBORN.

APOLOGIES
FOR ALL THE
NOISE.

RRRRRAARRRRRRGGHHH!



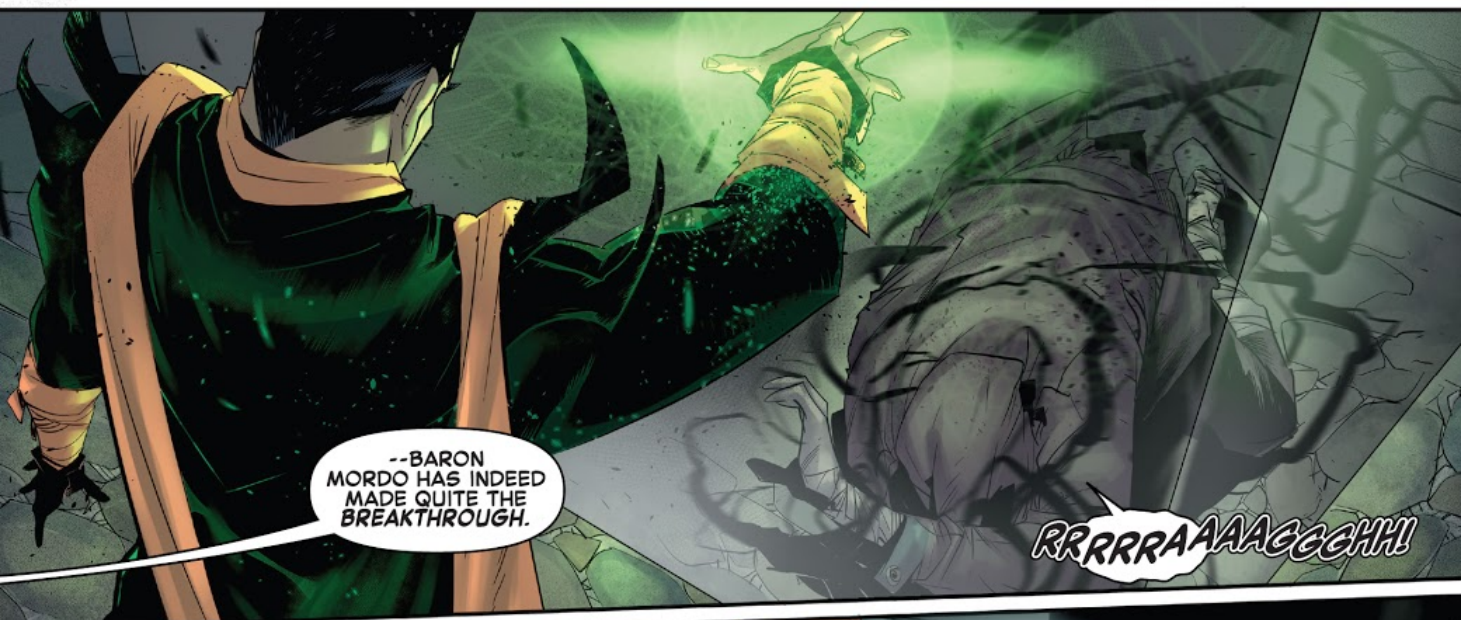
WE HAD A
DEAL, WILSON.
THIS IS MY
PATIENT--

HM,
YES...



BUT HE
DOESN'T SEEM
TO BE DOING VERY
WELL UNDER YOUR CARE,
NORMAN. WE'RE NOT
SEEING THE PROGRESS
HE DESERVES.

SO I
BROUGHT IN A
SPECIALIST FOR THIS
VERY SPECIAL CASE.
AND AS YOU CAN
HEAR--



--BARON MORDO HAS INDEED MADE QUITE THE BREAKTHROUGH.

RRRRRAAAAGGCHHI!



THIS ISN'T WHAT WE AGREED TO. IF YOU HARM HIM--

"IF," DIRECTOR? NEED I REMIND YOU--



--IT'S ONLY A QUESTION OF "WHEN."



AND NOW THAT WE'VE FINALLY OPENED A LINE OF COMMUNICATION, I SUSPECT WE WON'T HAVE MUCH LONGER TO WAIT AT ALL.



HE'S RIGHT ABOUT THAT PART, AT LEAST.

SOON ENOUGH--

--WE'LL ALL
FIND OURSELVES
IN OUR OWN
LITTLE HELLS.

AW, NO...
NO, NO,
NO...





YOU'LL
WHAT?!

GET YOUR HANDS OFF
ME, ROBBIE! YOU NEVER
WAS ONE FOR
FIGHTING.



IS THAT RIGHT? I SEEM TO
REMEMBER OUR LAST DUSTUP
GOING DIFFERENTLY. MAYBE
WE CAN FIND A PITCHFORK
SOMEWHERE, HAVE A
LITTLE REMATCH.*

I'M NOT
A COLD-BLOODED
MURDERER LIKE YOU,
LINCOLN, THAT'S TRUE--
BUT IF YOU'VE TOUCHED
ONE HAIR ON RANDY'S
HEAD--

*THE ORIGINAL MATCH
TOOK PLACE WAAAAAAY
BACK IN THE SPECTACULAR
SPIDER-MAN #157! --NL



OH, LAY OFF IT! I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'
TO YOUR BOY--MUCH AS I WOULD
LIKED TO WHEN I FOUND OUT HE WAS
FOOLIN' AROUND WITH MY LITTLE
PRINCESS!

YOU THINK
I WAS THRILLED
ABOUT THAT MYSELF?!
I TOLD HIM TO STAY AWAY
FROM HER. SAID SHE WAS
NOTHING BUT A VICIOUS
CROOK LIKE HER
OLD MAN--

HEY,
WATCH IT--
I MEAN,
THANK
YOU.



I TRIED
TO WARN HIM IT WAS
ONLY A MATTER TIME
BEFORE--

YOU REALLY
THINK I DID THIS?!
LOOK AROUND.
SMART GUY--THEY
TOOK MY JANICE
TOO!



EVEN IF IT WASN'T YOU,
I BET YOU'RE WRAPPED
UP IN IT SOMEHOW--
DIRTY MOB
BUSINESS.

OH YEAH?
OR MAYBE SOMEBODY
ELSE IN MY "DIRTY MOB
BUSINESS" GOT TIRED OF
YOU SNOOPIN' AROUND AND
DECIDED TO GO AFTER
YOUR KID AS
PAYBACK--

OKAY,
THAT'S
ENOUGH!



THWEP

THWEP



IF ANYONE'S GONNA BLAME THEMSELVES FOR THIS, IT'LL BE ME, FELLAS.

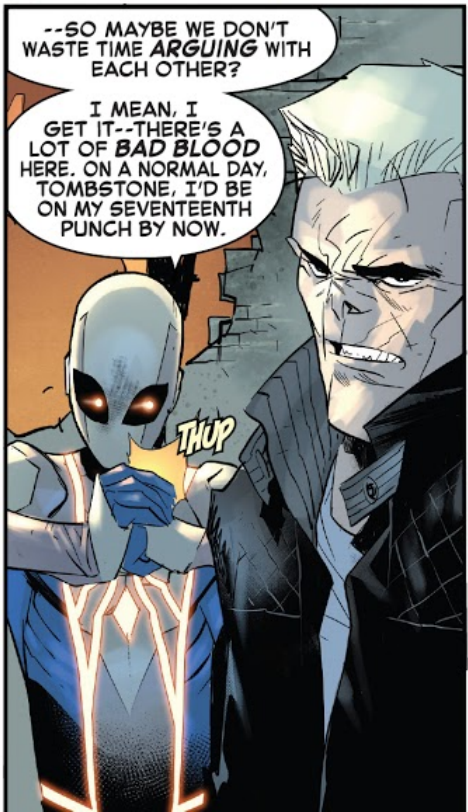
KINDA MY THING.

SPIDER-MAN!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!



ME? I LIVE--
UH--JUST DOWN
THE STREET. GOT
HERE WHEN THE ATTACK
HAPPENED. SO I HAVE
SOME GOOD NEWS
FOR BOTH
OF YOU.

RANDY
AND JANICE ARE
ALL RIGHT. OR AT
LEAST, THEY WERE THE
LAST TIME I SAW THEM.
WHOEVER TOOK THEM
GOT AWAY. I DON'T
KNOW HOW LONG
WE HAVE--



--SO MAYBE WE DON'T
WASTE TIME ARGUING WITH
EACH OTHER?

I MEAN, I
GET IT--THERE'S A
LOT OF BAD BLOOD
HERE. ON A NORMAL DAY,
TOMBSTONE, I'D BE
ON MY SEVENTEENTH
PUNCH BY NOW.

THUP



AND YOU, ROBBIE--WELL, I
ACTUALLY REALLY ADMIRE AND
RESPECT YOU. BUT THAT'S NOT
THE POINT. THE POINT IS WE ALL
CARE ABOUT THE PEOPLE
IN DANGER HERE.

I KNOW IF WE
PUT OUR HEADS
TOGETHER, WE CAN
SAVE THEM. FOR
STARTERS--



--MAYBE
YOU CAN HELP
ME FIND THE
PEOPLE WHO
DID THIS.

AS FOR
WHAT THEY
DID--

--WELL, THAT'S A WHOLE OTHER STORY.

HOURS AGO.

MAKE SURE YOU'RE JUST SET TO STUN!

FA-THEEW
FA-THEEW

FA-THEEW

FA-THEEW
FA-THEEW

WHICH IS VERY NICE OF THEM.

FRED, GET BACK!

NO, PETE, WAIT, I CAN TAKE 'EM! I'LL PROTECT YOU--

AND WEIRDLY ENOUGH--

THUNCH

--I KINDA HAD THE SAME IDEA.

UNFF

HATE TO DO THAT TO FRED, BUT WITH HIM OUT LIKE A LIGHT--

FA-THEEW

FA-THEEW

FA-THEEW

FA-THEEW

--I CAN DO A QUICK COSTUME CHANGE WHILE I'M OUT OF SIGHT.

RR
NNNNNN

VERY QUICK, THANKS TO THE NEW UNSTABLE MOLECULES MAKING UP MY SUIT.

BEATS CHANGING IN AN ALLEYWAY, I GOTTA ADMIT.



WHERE'D THEY GO?

YOU MEAN THE PREVIOUS TENANTS? LOOKS LIKE THEY BOLTED.



YOU FELLAS HERE FOR THE OPEN HOUSE TOO?

FA-THEEW
FA-THEEW

FAIR. COMPETITION FOR DECENT APARTMENTS IN MANHATTAN CAN GET PRETTY INTENSE--

FA-THEEW



THWEP

--BUT AT LEAST SIGN THE LEASE BEFORE YOU TRASH THE PLACE! THAT'S MY--

FA-THEEW



--POLICY.



CRIME
MASTER.

KRAK



ANOTHER
ONE.

TRUM



SERIOUSLY,
WHAT MAKES
THESE GUYS KEEP
ADOPTING FAILED
SUPER-VILLAIN
IDENTITIES?

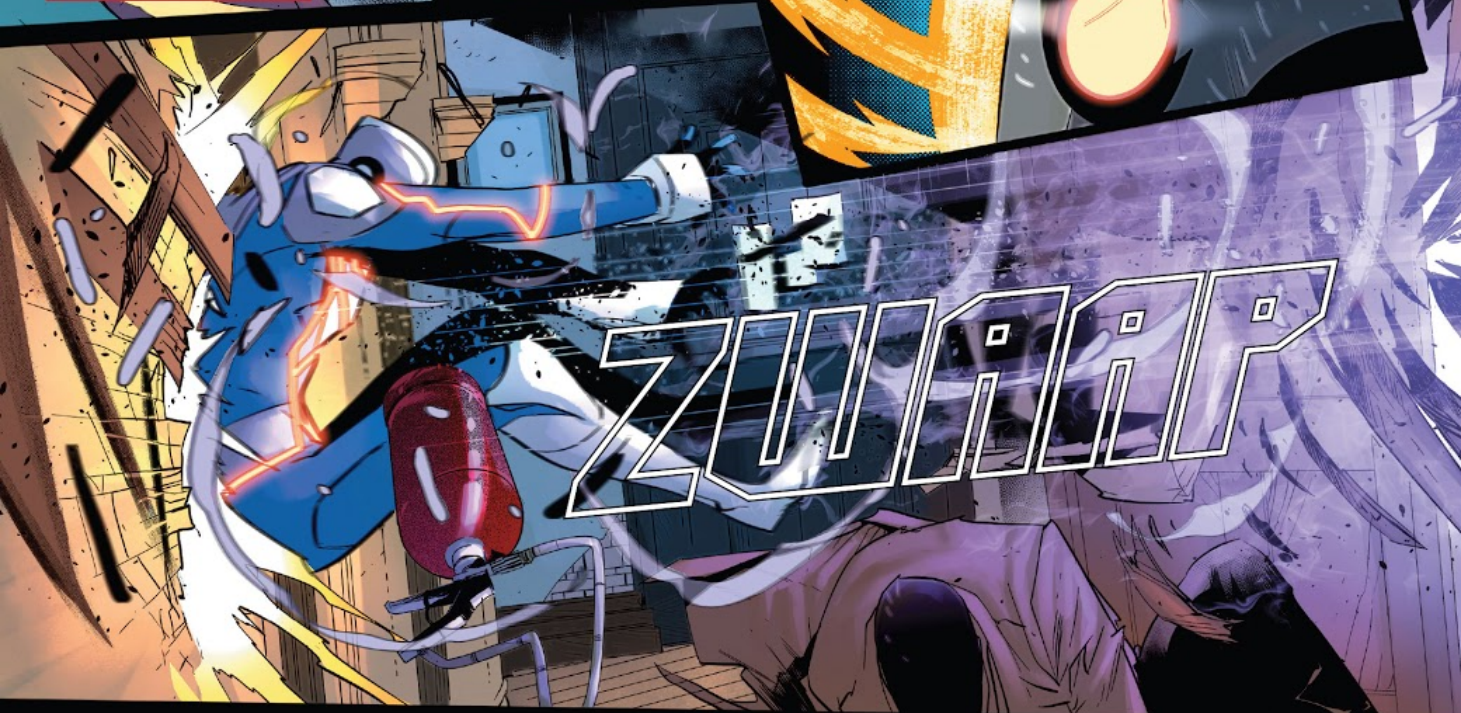
THUMP



I MEAN, THE REP *HAS*
TO BE OUT THERE,
I'VE ALWAYS BEATEN
WHOEVER'S BEHIND
THAT MASK EASILY--

KRAK

--ENOUGH.



ZURRRP

HER ON THE
OTHER HAND--
MADAME
MASQUE--

--SHE'S
A HEAVY
HITTER.

LET'S
GO.

>NNF I'D
LOVE TO--
BUT I SEEM
TO BE
STUCK.

ONLY FOR
THE TIME
BEING.

NO. TEMPTING,
BUT IT WOULD ONLY
COMPLICATE
THINGS.

WE STICK TO
THE PLAN.

PLAN?
WHAT--

OH. THAT
PLAN.



ONE
EXPLOSIVE
CHARGE--



--TWO
HOSTAGES--



--I
WAS STILL
STUCK.

C'MON.
SPIDEY. THIS
SUIT'S GIVING
YOU A LITTLE
MORE
POWER--



--USE
IT!



FWASH

HURRY
UP, IDIOT.
THEY'RE
GETTING--



--AND A
COUPLE SEMI-
TRIUMPHANT
BADDIES
LATER--



--AWAY.







--WE ALL NEED SOMEBODY TO HELP US SOMETIMES.

I HAVE SO MANY QUESTIONS.

YEAH, ME TOO.

LIKE WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO WHEN *SPIDER-MAN* FINDS US AND KICKS YOUR ASS?!!

HONEEEEY, PLEASE--

YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME IN FRONT OF THE KIDNAPPERS.

I APOLOGIZE. THIS IS ALL A LITTLE NEW TO HIM. HE'S A CIVILIAN.

WHICH, I KNOW, I KNOW, NOT THE BEST IDEA IN OUR PROFESSION. BUT--WELL, THE HEART WANTS WHAT IT WANTS, RIGHT?

BY THE WAY, SPEAKING OF UNLIKELY PAIRINGS, I HAVE TO ASK...



CRIME MASTER? REALLY?

I WOULD'VE THOUGHT IF YOU WERE FORMING ALLIANCES, YOU MIGHT HAVE LOOKED TO PAIR UP WITH ANOTHER WOMAN.

I MEAN, I'M NOT TRYING TO QUESTION YOUR CHOICES, HE'S JUST-- A BIT OF A JOURNEYMAN.

OH FOR GOD'S SAKE!



ENOUGH!

YOU HAVE GOT TO BE THE MOST MADDENINGLY IRRITATING HOSTAGE I HAVE EVER TAKEN!

WOW, WELL, EXCUSE ME FOR THINKING YOU MIGHT SEE THE MUTUAL BENEFITS OF A MENTORSHIP--

YOU'RE OF PLENTY BENEFIT, GIRL.



THE TWO OF YOU REPRESENT QUITE THE **WINDFALL** FOR US, I'M HAPPY TO REPORT.



WELL, YOU GUYS ARE OUTTA LUCK. I AM COMPLETELY OUT OF THE LOOP ON FRED AND PETE'S WHOLE **TABLET SCAVENGER HUNT** THING.

WE DON'T CARE ABOUT THE **TABLET**.

WAIT--YOU **DON'T**?



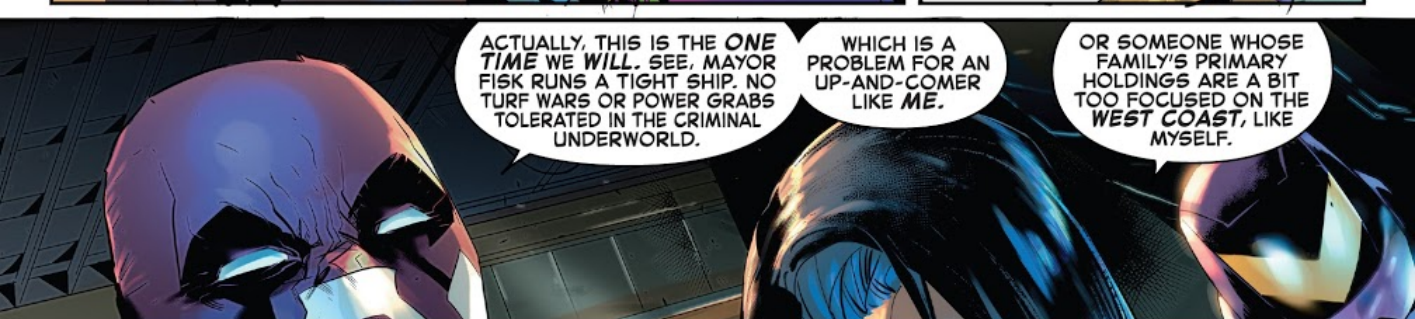
DID YOU ALL NOT NOTICE WE WEREN'T EXACTLY **BOTHERED** THAT WE DIDN'T GET TO NAB YOUR PAL **BOOMERANG** BACK AT YOUR APARTMENT?

WE'RE NOT INTERESTED IN THE **KINGPIN'S PRIZE**-- WE'RE INTERESTED IN THE **CHAOS** IT INCITES.

OOH, TELL ME **MORE**.



I MEAN-- YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!



ACTUALLY, THIS IS THE **ONE TIME** WE **WILL**. SEE, MAYOR **FISK** RUNS A TIGHT SHIP. NO TURF WARS OR POWER GRABS TOLERATED IN THE CRIMINAL UNDERWORLD.

WHICH IS A PROBLEM FOR AN UP-AND-COMER LIKE **ME**.

OR SOMEONE WHOSE FAMILY'S PRIMARY HOLDINGS ARE A BIT TOO FOCUSED ON THE **WEST COAST**, LIKE MYSELF.



BUT NOW THAT THE **KINGPIN** IS LETTING **EVERYBODY** IN ON THE CHASE, COMPETITIVE SPIRITS ARE GONNA RUN HIGH AND ALL.

AND WITH THEM, CONSIDERABLY MORE PERMISSIVENESS WHEN IT COMES TO **BLOODSHED**.



SO WHEN, FOR INSTANCE, WE KIDNAP THE ROOMMATE OF FRED MYERS AND HIS GIRLFRIEND, WHO WE CERTAINLY COULD NEVER HAVE KNOWN WAS THE DAUGHTER OF **TOMBSTONE**--

--AND THE MAN HIMSELF SHOWS UP IN A FIT OF RAGE--

--WE COULD HARDLY BE BLAMED FOR ANY VIOLENCE THAT ENSUED FROM THE MISCOMMUNICATION. WE WERE SIMPLY TRYING TO DO OUR BELOVED MAYOR'S BIDDING.



AND AS FOR LINCOLN'S TERRITORIES PAST 125TH STREET--WELL, OF COURSE WE'D BE WILLING TO STEP IN AND KEEP THINGS RUNNING SMOOTHLY.

WE ARE NOTHING IF NOT TEAM PLAYERS.

HE WOULD'VE WANTED IT THAT WAY.



LIKewise, IF THE NEWSPAPER-OWNING FATHER OF THE ROOMMATE IN QUESTION DIED.

NEW OWNERSHIP MIGHT LOOK KINDER ON OUR CIVIC EFFORTS.

UH, OKAY, BUT--AND I MEAN NO DISRESPECT HERE--ONE SMALL PROBLEM--

YEAH. OUR DADS HAVE NO IDEA WHERE WE ARE.



AN INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST AND AN ENTERPRISING MOB BOSS?

I'M PRETTY SURE THEY CAN FIGURE IT OUT IF THEY PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.



HH--OUR DADS? PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER?

YOU REALLY SHOULD'VE DONE YOUR HOMEWORK THERE.



UH-UH.
NOPE.
NO WAY!



MIRAGE--**DESMOND**--
COME ON. I'M JUST
LOOKING FOR A LITTLE
INFORMATION.

THAT'S ALL
YOU'RE **EVER**
LOOKING FOR! I
TOLD YOU, I
GOT **IDEAS**!

WHO
WOULDN'T WANT A
REGULAR **OPINION**
COLUMN FROM A
WORKING SUPER
VILLAIN, ROBERTSON?
WHAT ABOUT **OUR**
SIDE OF THE
STORY?!

I'LL
CONSIDER IT.
BUT **RIGHT**
NOW--



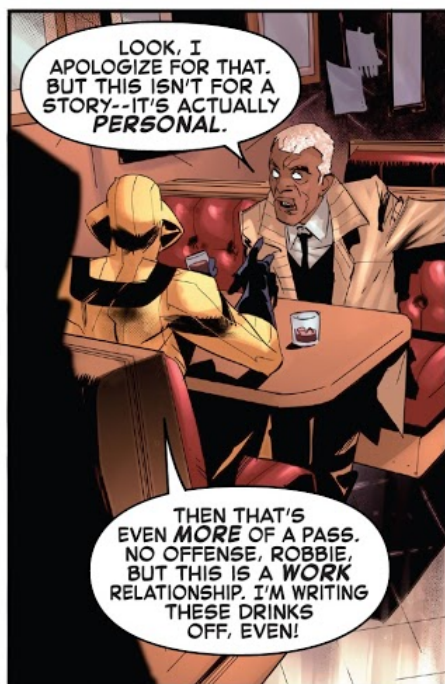
RIGHT NOW,
NOTHING! THE LAST
TIME I TALKED TO YOU,
YOU ALMOST GOT ME
KILLED! FOR A
THIRD TIME!

WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?
WE DIDN'T NAME
YOU IN THAT STORY!



"A SOURCE
CLOSE TO THE OWL'S
OPERATIONS"?! HEY,
HERE'S A NEWSFLASH
FOR YA--THE GUY ONLY
HAD **TWO** HENCHMEN AT
THE TIME, AND THE OTHER
ONE WAS **DEATH**
ADDER--

--**WHO**
DOESN'T
EVEN TALK!



LOOK, I
APOLOGIZE FOR THAT.
BUT THIS ISN'T FOR A
STORY--IT'S ACTUALLY
PERSONAL.

THEN THAT'S
EVEN **MORE** OF A PASS.
NO OFFENSE, ROBBIE,
BUT THIS IS A **WORK**
RELATIONSHIP. I'M WRITING
THESE DRINKS
OFF, EVEN!



NOW, SEE, DESMOND,
THAT'S WHAT YOU
DON'T WANT
TO DO--

--YOU'D
RATHER BE
TALKING TO ME
THAN **HIM**.



WAIT!
I'LL TALK!

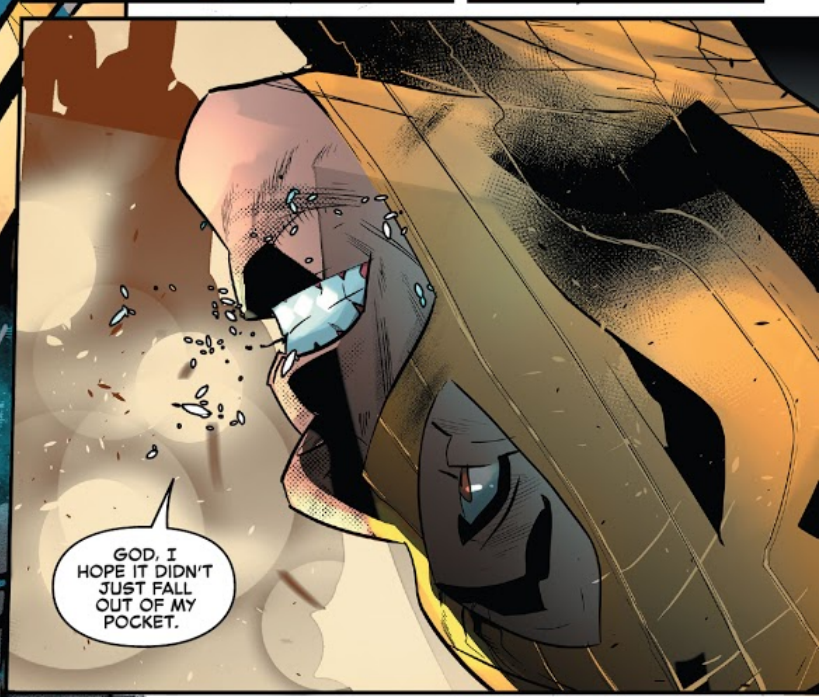


VERY
GLAD TO
HEAR IT.

I'D DO
IT FAST
THOUGH.



THEY GOT
A SHOP UPTOWN.
REAL MONEY BEHIND
THE OPERATION.
THEY'RE OFFERING **POWER
UPGRADES**, CUTS OF
TERRITORY, **FREE DENTAL**.
THEY GAVE ME A
CARD WITH AN
ADDRESS--



GOD, I
HOPE IT DIDN'T
JUST FALL
OUT OF MY
POCKET.



DO I HAVE
THE RIGHT
BUILDING?



NO, THIS IS
DEFINITELY
THE SPOT.

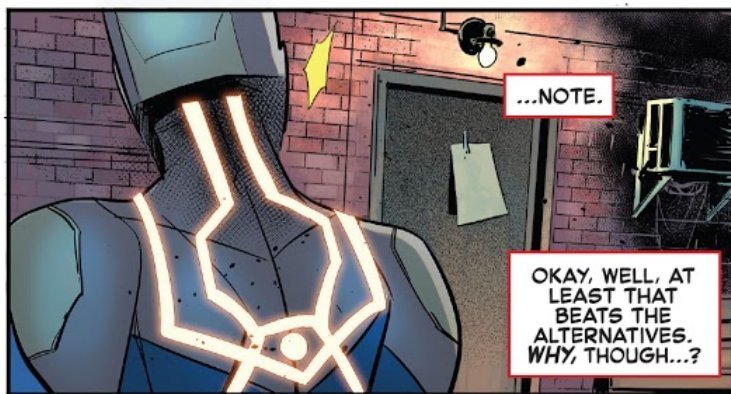
BUT--



--NO FRED.



I PUT HIM UP HERE WHILE
HE WAS STILL KNOCKED
OUT, AND NOW HE'S GONE
WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A--




...NOTE.

OKAY, WELL, AT
LEAST THAT
BEATS THE
ALTERNATIVES.
WHY, THOUGH...?



DON'T NEED
SPIDER-SENSE TO GET
THE FEELING IT'S
NOTHING GOOD.

Dear
Pete--



Looks like we got lucky and our pal, Spider-Man, rescued us, huh? That's a relief--

--but I can't keep counting on luck anymore.

Truth is, I've had a lot of it lately.

Meeting you and becoming the best friend you've ever had, for instance.

I can feel it starting to run out now though.

Don't get me wrong, I've loved this whole adventure, finding the tablet with Spidey--

--but more and more, I'm putting the people I care about in danger.

Sweet Aunt May, Gog, now Randy-- enough is enough.

God forbid something happened to you, Pete, the most helpless and powerless of all of us. I'd never forgive myself!

So I need you to trust me on this, buddy. I've had a vision, telling me where the last fragment is. But don't you or Spidey try to find me--



"--WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?"



TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT:



Issue #65

Let us know how we're doing! Drop us a line at SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM!
Be sure to mark it "Okay to print"!

A dark, atmospheric illustration of a cemetery. Several large, weathered gravestones of various shapes are scattered across a grassy field. The scene is dimly lit, with some light filtering through the trees in the background, creating a somber and mysterious mood.

LIKE I SAID
BEFORE...

A large, solid black silhouette of a creature, possibly a dragon or a large bird, is shown in profile, facing right. It is set against a vibrant background of horizontal stripes in shades of orange, red, and yellow, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The creature's wings are slightly spread, and its tail is long and pointed.

IT WON'T BE
LONG NOW.

A dynamic illustration showing a large, cylindrical stone structure, possibly a tomb or a monument, being violently destroyed. Shards of stone and debris are flying everywhere, creating a sense of intense action and destruction. The background is a mix of dark and light blue tones, with some light rays emanating from the center of the explosion.

WE'LL ALL
BE TOGETHER
AGAIN SOON,
AND ONCE WE
ARE...

A close-up illustration of a stone structure, possibly a tomb or a monument, being destroyed. The structure is covered in debris and is surrounded by a large amount of dust and smoke. The scene is filled with a sense of chaos and destruction.

WELL, **TRUST** ME,
IT'LL BE A LITTLE
DIFFERENT FROM
LAST TIME.

A close-up illustration of a stone structure, possibly a tomb or a monument, being destroyed. The structure is covered in debris and is surrounded by a large amount of dust and smoke. The scene is filled with a sense of chaos and destruction.

ALL
THAT'S
LEFT--

--IS TO INVITE
OUR FINAL
GUESTS.





